

# A PROLOGUE

*Written by Mr. Dryden, to a New Play,  
call'd, The Loyal Brother, &c. by Tho: Southern.  
7. Feb. 1682*

Poets, like Lawfull Monarchs, rul'd the Stage,  
Till Criticks, like Damn'd Whiggs, debauch'd our Age.  
Mark how they jump: Criticks wou'd regulate  
Our Theatres, and Whiggs reform our State: }  
Both pretend love, and both (Plague rot 'em) hate.  
The Critick humbly seems Advice to bring,  
The fawning Whigg Petitions to the King:  
But ones advice into a Satyr slides;  
To others Petition a Remonstrance hides.  
These will no Taxes give, and those no Pence:  
Criticks wou'd starve the Poet, Whiggs the Prince.  
The Critick all our troops of friends discards;  
Just so the Whigg wou'd fain pull down the Guards.  
Guards are illegal, that drive foes away,  
As watchfull Shepherds, that fright beasts of prey.  
Kings, who Disband such needles Aids as these,  
Are safe ——— as long as e're their Subjects please.  
And that wou'd be till next Queen *Besses* night:  
Which thus, grave penny Chroniclers endite.  
Sir *Edmond-berry*, first, in wofull wise,  
Leads up the show, and Milks their Maudlin eyes.  
There's not a Butcher's Wife but Dribs her part,  
And pities the poor Pageant from her heart:  
Who, to provoke revenge, rides round the fire,  
And, with a civil congee, does retire.  
But guiltless blood to ground must never fall:  
There's *Antichrist* behind, to pay for all.  
The Punk of *Babylon* in Pomp appears,  
A lewd Old Gentleman of Seventy years.  
Whose Age in vain our Mercy wou'd implore;  
For few take pity on an Old-cast Whore.  
The Devil, who brought him to the shame, takes part; }  
Sits cheek by jowl, in black, to cheer his heart:  
Like Theef and Parson in a *Tyburn*-Cart. }  
The word is giv'n; and with a loud Huzzaw  
The Miter'd Moppet from his Chair they draw:  
On the slain Corps contending Nations fall;  
Alas, what's one poor Pope among 'em all!  
He burns; now all true hearts your Triumphs ring;  
And next (for fashion) cry, *God save the King*.  
A needful Cry in midst of such Alarms:  
When Forty thousand Men are up in Arms.  
But alter he's once sav'd, to make amends, }  
In each succeeding Health they Damn his Friends: }  
So God begins, but still the Devil ends.  
What if some one inspir'd with Zeal, shou'd call,  
Come let's go cry, God save him at *White Hall*!



His best friends wou'd not like this over-care :  
 Or think him e're the safer for that pray'r.  
 Five Praying Saints are by an Act allow'd :  
 But not the whole Church-Militant, in crowd.  
 Yet, should heav'n all the true Petitions drain  
 Of *Presbyterians*, who wou'd Kings maintain ;  
 Of Forty thousand, five wou'd scarce remain.

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*The EPILOGUE by the same Hand ;*  
*Spoken by Mrs. Sarah Cook.*

A Virgin Poet was serv'd up to day ;  
 Who till this hour, ne're cackled for a Play :  
 He's neither yet a Whigg nor Tory-Boy ;  
 But, like a Girl, whom several wou'd enjoy,  
 Begs leave to make the best of his own natural Toy.  
 Were I to play my callow Author's game,  
 The King's House wou'd instruct me, by the Name :  
 There's Loyalty to one : I wish no more :  
 A Commonwealth sounds like a Common Whore.  
 Let Husband or Gallant be what they will,  
 One part of Woman is true Tory still.  
 If any Factious spirit shou'd rebell,  
 Our Sex, with ease, can every rising quell.  
 Then, as you hope we shou'd your failings hide,  
 An honest Jury for our play provide :  
 Whiggs, at their Poets never take offence ;  
 They save dull Culprits who have Murther'd Sense :  
 Tho Nonsense is a nauseous heavy Mals,  
 The Vehicle call'd Faction makes it pass.  
 Faction in Play's the Commonwealths man's bribe :  
 The leaden farthing of the Canting Tribe :  
 Though void in payment Laws and Statutes make it,  
 The Neighbourhood, that knows the Man, will take it.  
 'Tis Faction buys the Votes of half the Pit ;  
 Theirs is the Pention-Parliament of wit.  
 In City-Clubs their venom let 'em vent ;  
 For there 'tis safe, in its own Element :  
 Here, where their madness can have no pretence,  
 Let 'em forget themselves an hour in sense.  
 In one poor Isle, why shou'd two Factions be ?  
 Small difference in your Vices I can see ;  
 In Drink and Drabs both sides too well agree.  
 Wou'd there were more Preferments in the Land ;  
 If Places fell, the party cou'd not stand.  
 Of this damn'd grievance ev'ry Whigg complains ;  
 They grunt like Hogs, till they have got their Grains.  
 Mean time you see what Trade our Plots advance,  
 We send each year good Money into *France* :  
 And they, that know what Merchandise we need,  
 Send o're true Protestants, to mend our breed.

F I N I S.

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